

# THE SHAKER MANIFESTO.

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### THE HEAVENLY BRIDESHIP.

THOMAS SMITH.

DEAR MANIFESTO—Allow me to congratulate you on the article, in August number with above title; because it opens rather a new era, that is, one brother can express his thoughts as to the correctness of points taken by another, how otherwise can we grow?

History seems to be full of strange facts, of which none are more striking than the constant failure of the expectations of religious bodies; supported by prophecy, embedded in tradition, confirmed by reiteration, positive with bigotry, becoming chosen peoples of God; they finally decay and lose their hold upon the race, for good.

The cause seems to be that they restrict their ideas, beliefs and rewards to very narrow circles; a few are chosen, a few saved, one man controls the salvation of the world; or one set of men only possess authority to interpret all truth, especially any new truth, or idea.

Every era seems to demand change, new men, new thoughts, and the question of vital importance to us, as well as to all others is, how far are we from the best light of our times?

The article "Heavenly Bridship" in

August number seems to be a brotherly criticism of "Circumcision and Beards" in July number, but are the positions taken correct, is it not another skirmish in the continual struggle between those on the one side, who believe that the Gospel of Christ, first and second, takes hold of every act of our lives—Generation, Nutrition, Property and Government; and all their elaborations; and those who believe that when Jesus Christ came, then all these things ceased to call for attention on the part of his followers; in other words, Jesus Christ came to destroy, make null the Law, instead of fulfilling it. Which did He do?

The Law was a schoolmaster to bring souls to the Gospel. No man upon entering college throws away the rudiments of his early training; the alphabet forms the very foundations of his future acquirements; he ceases his former lessons only because they have become an incorporated part of his being. No man erecting an edifice, after completion, tears out his foundations, and throws them away; else when storms come his building falls. Now why does not this law hold good in the higher ethics of our latter-day life? If Israel walked by law and statute in all things pertaining to life here, for hundreds of years, and the net result was Jesus Christ, why not continue the process, for further results? Is it not

just possible that we are suffering for the same processes?

"Think not that I am come to destroy the Law or Prophets, I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill; for verily I say unto you, that heaven and earth pass away, one jot or tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." If Jesus fulfilled the law, how am I to escape fulfilling it, if I am His follower? And so with every one, it is only on a par with the atonement, to say He fulfilled it for any one else. We sometimes hear, that when Jesus Christ came the law ceased to be operative; and there is a certain amount of truth in the remark, but only because it is a play upon words.

The Penal Law, the law of punishment for breaking the higher law of God, was abrogated, simply, because the higher law was obeyed. When the greater was fulfilled, the lesser ceased to exist; the Jewish people needed the Penal Law added, because of their transgressions of the original law of God and Nature, relating to generation, food and property, no more than the people of Ann Lee's time, and our own needed the same law for precisely the same transgressions.

If the restraints put upon the sexual relation by Moses, and in Christ's day in celibacy; that the restraints put upon property ended in community of goods, by what process of reasoning can we escape the conclusion that the restraints put upon the use of animal food ended in its entire rejection? They must stand or fall together.

The work of preparation was too vast, too far reaching and elaborate, to find consummation in one man, or set of men; it was universal ultimately. So with the Bride and Bridegroom; are they not terms, broad and comprehensive enough to cover systems of thought reaching from the past to the present? merging the stability of the Jew with the broader and deeper light and knowledge of the present Gentile? And how does this detract in any wise from the dignity or kinship of Jesus Christ or Mother Ann?

He was the first born of many brethren; she the first born of many sisters; what either of them endured of physical suffering

is of minor importance, as compared with the great systems of thought which each headed in their time. Thousands of men and women have borne equal physical pain and for righteousness sake. But Jesus and Ann led the van. He represented the Fatherhood of God, she the Motherhood of God, but more than this He represented the training and culture of ages, the stability and permanence of truth in the *Divine Man*; while she was the protest of the agony and suppression of the *Divine Woman* calling for recognition; pressed down by government, social custom and blind ignorance. She reached beyond her condition and claimed equality with her brother, Jesus. Why should her system reject His culture? Why should the basis of past progress be rejected by her followers? Is there no grandeur and beauty in the consummation of the Divine promise that "all sickness and pain, all suffering and every thing that hurts or harms, in all God's holy mountain shall be removed?"

Go with me throughout the quiet homes of our dear brethren and sisters from Maine to Kentucky and what is there more needed than health? Ask your memory how many of the bravest and truest have fallen by the fell hand of disease, when Zion most needed them—irreparable losses; and have we not grown in beauty as a people, as fast as truth has regulated our lives in relation to this world?

There exists a grave inconsistency in our saying, "The way for the followers of Christ to do right about generation is to let it entirely alone," and then say in relation to its fellow subjects, do as the Gentiles do.

Generation and its kindred subjects are all laid under the same discipline of the Law, viz., curtailment and restraint, and we say in relation to generation, this restraint points to extinction, for a higher life, but its fellow subjects are of no importance.

Because the Law was first, does not necessitate the assumption that the Gospel is subordinate, by any means; the lesser always precedes the greater, the greater conserves the lesser, not destroys it. "Because the law was weak through the flesh" the gospel removed the flesh, and the law

became strong, not a nullity. Then when the truths of both dispensations are embodied in human society, will we be able to sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb; then differences of opinion will not constitute men heretics or lunatics, but the Law having given us Truth and Justice, the Gospel will give us Love which melts and merges differences of opinion into the Brotherhood and Sisterhood of Christ.

*Canaan, N. Y.*

### SOMETIME.

MARIA L. SCHULTZ.

Sometime, when all my weary tasks are done,

And life's hard lessons learned,  
When ceased the tired walks from sun to sun,—

When rest is fairly earned;—  
When all the crosses have been carried through,

Temptations met, and passed;—  
I think there will be something sweet and true.

To bless me at the last.

And if, through all the darkly-curtained days

Of years which follow Time,  
I can look up, and see the golden rays  
Of God's love-light sublime;—

If I can drink life's bitter wine, and still  
Taste His sweet love divine,  
I think that I may know that 'tis His will  
To test this faith of mine.

But if my heart complains because its tasks  
Do all so hard appear,  
And in unreconciled impatience asks

Why life is so severe;—  
And if it murmurs that it cannot learn

The lesson it most needs,  
I think there will be one for me, more stern  
To translate into deeds.

Then let me lowly live, and faithful, keep  
God's counsels as I go,

Rememb'ring there's a harvest yet to reap  
From seeds which now I sow.

And if, with holy courage, for Truth's sake,  
My soul through trial stands,—

I think it will be something sweet to take  
A blessing from God's hands.

*Canaan, N. Y.*

### PRAYER.

ELDER ROBERT M. WAGAN.

O Lord, we pray, remember us, a small, dependant, needy band. We ask for faith to bear us on that we may wear the victor's crown. O, grant us true humility that we may never stray through pride and lust and our *own ways*; but help us always keep the straight and narrow path of dally self-denial. For Zion's sake may we be blest, and, by good works, an honor be to her and Thee. O, may Thy counsels gather us, and Thy great mercies cover us and help us to stand a true devoted band, though tempests rage and billows roll. When in affliction's dark hour trials come upon us, and tribulation doth oppress our souls, O, may we never doubt nor faint, but ever keep in mind Thou art our comforter, a never-failing source of strength and peace and joy forever. Give to them that ask in faith and prayer. Remember Thy lambs, the children and youth, may they be dealt with tenderly, and may the sweet rose of innocence ever blossom and diffuse its fragrance throughout this Holy Mountain; may they repose in Thy love, which will reprove and chasten them for all their errors, plant them firmly in Thy garden, that they may grow strong in the faith of Thy righteous saints. Cultivate them in Thy holy fear and tender love, that they may see Thee at all times, whether in joy and rejoicing, or in sorrow and affliction, whether in pleasant bowers and by flowing streams, or tempest tossed on life's stormy sea, or left to scale the rugged mountain—the pathway of burden-bearing souls.

Bless all of Thy chosen ones, those righteous aged souls, fathers and mothers in Israel who have kept Thy holy way, and been inglorious in the salvation of other souls, weary and worn; gather them to Thy sweet haven of eternal peace and rest; may their mantle of strength rest upon other souls when they depart this mortal life, that Zion may never lack a fullness of the power of salvation from the nature of sin. Bless all Thy faithful workers; like bees in the hive, may they gather in

heavenly bowers, and from fragrant flowers in pleasant valleys, sip sweetness and richness of purest love and blessing.

For Zion's sake, fan, O fan, thresh and fan and separate the precious from the vile. Prune Thy vines, lop from the tree of life the dead unfruitful branches, that Thy vineyard may be an honor and joy to Thee forever.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

## INTELLECTUAL AND SPIRITUAL PROGRESS.

ANTOINETTE DOOLITTLE.

The vast ocean of human thought and intelligence is deepening and broadening as time rolls on. *Truth*, scientifically and spiritually, sends forth its darts, and its lances pierce old and long-established forms and canons of the past, and mythology with its misty shades disappear as vapory clouds vanish before the rising sun; science, applied to the varied departments of human life, progresses with such rapidity, it is with difficulty the common mind keeps pace with the marvelous developments which time—as it moves on rapid wing—reveals.

A boundless storehouse seems to have opened in this nineteenth century from which to draw all kinds of useful knowledge pertaining to the earth life; also knowledge concerning the spirit spheres is becoming almost universal throughout civilized nations, in the cottage of the humble and lowly as well as in royal palaces. But without a right application of such knowledge, how will it benefit humanity? "*Ignorance is not bliss*;" neither is knowledge bliss, unless turned into proper channels, and it be made to conserve the good and true.

Knowledge, unattended by wisdom and prudence, often culminates in folly. Knowledge is easy to those who have enlightened consciences, and correct understanding, and are willing that wisdom shall take precedence of knowledge; so that every great thought that has been cradled in obscurity may be directed to useful ends and purposes, and prove a benefactor to the race, when evolved from its hitherto covert resting

place, and be made to hasten the reign of universal love and peace, when truth shall triumph over error, and *right*, instead of might, rule in the councils of nations, and conduct the affairs of men.

Spiritualism as it now exists is undefinable and unreliable. While it indicates progress, and is a nullifier of all creeds and dogmas, it fails to offer a better system of practical Christianity. In many ways it points in a wrong direction and leads to latitudinarianism, pleasing the senses and feeding the sensual appetites. Spiritualism, as far as it inculcates purity of life and embodies the principles of love to God and man, bears witness that it is a messenger sent from celestial spheres on an errand of love and mercy to the race of mankind. We hope it will accomplish the work it was sent to perform, and not prove to be a hydra-headed monster, unworthy the name it bears; but prove to be a child of God, commissioned by angels not only to enlighten the inhabitants of the earth sphere, but also to quicken and vivify their consciences, and cause them to be more spiritual, and to bring them into more just and harmonious relations with their brother man, and into closer union and communion with God and His good angels.

The phenomenal conspicuity of modern spiritualism has arrested the attention, and attracted millions of people to it, and to accept it as a *theory*, who in reality did not wish to be more self-denying in their life practices, and to rise unto a higher plane, to live as do the angels, and be lifted up in spirit and draw others unto them, as did the Judean prince and prototype. Hence, spiritualism so named, in its present form, needs to be *spiritualized*. It lacks the testimony of Jesus, the vital forces which can alone vivify and re-create the souls of men and women, and cause them to expand and grow into the image of the heavenly. We are not satisfied with a tree that only blossoms well, however beautiful it may appear to the external senses; but in due time we look for the fruitage. The tree of modern spiritualism blossomed well, and its aroma was borne by spiritual winds to distant lands. Now, it is time to expect fruit.

Religion is the essence of divine love. As

the soil of the earth would be cold and barren without the vivifying rays of the sun, so is the human heart without faith in God, and the true love that inspires and moves it to works of unselfish devotion for the good of humanity, as well as our own soul's progress into higher realms of thought and action, where our motto shall ever be: "Blessed are the pure in heart." Unfiled, unadulterated religion is what we need.

Professions, names and titles are of no account, if the heart is not right before God. If some who have heard the call, "Come up hither," and have partly arisen with Christ onto the resurrection plane of life and have "run well for a season," if they lay by their gospel armor and cease the strife so that they lose their hold and standing, it will not change principle nor alter truth. The higher they have risen the greater the fall. If angels fall, they must find their place with fallen angels in a demoniac condition. God is not dependent upon mortals to perform His work, but we are dependent upon Him for safe guidance and protection. And if we keep His laws inviolate and bring forth fruit meet for repentance and the approval of good angels, we have naught to fear. Gospel friends, let us take timely warning.

### REFORMATION.

RUTH WEBSTER.

It was said by one a great while ago, "I once was young but now I am old, yet I have not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread."

There are those in modern times who might make the same declaration, for there are many who pass for righteous who would not bear a very close scrutiny without disclosing some unrighteous acts. Tho' those acts be ever so secret yet will they tell on the coming generation.

So we are forced to the conclusion that antenatal conditions have more to do in shaping the character and disposition of children than would at first appear.

The profligacy of ministers' children is so common that it has become a proverb that

ministers have the worst children. But it does not follow that because one looks after his neighbor's garden that his own is free from weeds. Besides there may be some difference in preaching and practicing. Were those who are about to become parents aware of the misery entailed upon children by antenatal conditions how earnestly they would strive to make those conditions harmonious and agreeable.

Many well-meaning parents through ignorance entail lasting misery on their children.

I once heard of a woman who on her dying bed confessed to her husband that she had been in the habit of pilfering from him to eke out the allowance which he gave her for the use of the family. She mentioned it, not that she thought that she had done wrong, but that her successor might not be expected to do with the small allowance which was insufficient. We might at first think it a small matter, but when we consider the disposition entailed upon the children by the penurious miserly disposition of the father and the pilfering practices of the mother, who can estimate the amount of misery visited on the children, it may be, to the third and fourth generation.

There is a great need of reform. If we wish to improve the quality of our fruit, we do not wait till the apples begin to grow, but commence in the fall with the tree. Prune it thoroughly, attend to the condition of the soil and see that the tree is free from every obnoxious influence and then under favorable conditions we may look for superior fruit. It has been said and that justly that there is more common sense used in every other department of culture than that of the human species. "From whence come wars and fightings among you? come they not hence even lusts that war in your members?"

That is it, let lust be subdued. Those who would bring about a reform in morals, temperance and peace had better commence by teaching the present generation how to propagate their species in a pure, orderly way. Then they may with confidence look for a reform in the next generation.

Let parents indulge in no act or disposition



that they would not entail upon their children, then the coming generation will show a great improvement.

*Union Village, O.*

### AFTER MANY DAYS.

OLA LEONE WHITCOMB.

Toward the hour of evening, the ships that  
launched for me  
Will come sailing proudly in across the  
bays,  
And the worried hopes and frettings which  
they bore out on the sea  
Will come back as golden treasures, after  
many days.

In the sober gray of Autumns, when the  
leaves are falling down,  
All the seed I scattered in the smiling  
Mays,  
Shall their heavy heads be bowing, till I  
bear them home at night,  
And my garners fill with riches, after  
many days.

Sometimes the morn will open with a drear  
and mourning dawn,  
And the sun will hidden be, beneath its  
maze,  
But my heart shall never murmur, for I  
know it needs the rain,  
And the light will smile upon me, after  
many days.

While the winter winds are blowing, and  
the frost is on the pane,  
While the blinding snow is piled along  
the ways,  
I remember June will follow, in the path  
December trod,  
And the flowers will wait my coming,  
after many days.

Oh! the road I'm treading daily, seemeth  
weary and perplexed,  
Through a labyrinth of thorns and stones  
it lays,  
But it will be brighter sometime, and my  
feet have stronger grown,  
And the distance will be shorter, after  
many days.

Ah! after many days will the yoke I've  
barely borne  
Carry lighter, and reflect the golden rays  
Of the holy light of heaven, and my heavy  
cross will be  
Transfigured to my shining crown, after  
many days.

*Canaan, N. Y.*

### PRENTISSIANA.

*"Great men are not always wise."*

Many mighty ones have essayed to give  
the biography and whereabouts of deity. "I  
also will show mine opinion."

To the inquiry, "Where shall I find God?"  
a fair damsel, brought up in Shakerdom,  
responded: "'Tis not for me to say where  
*you* shall find God. I find God in all the  
works of creation, in mountains and valleys,  
in oceans, rivers and rills, in birds, squirrels  
and wild flowers. I find God in my brother  
and sisters, but most important of all, I find  
God in my own soul, a law to direct my  
every action, word and thought."

"Mine opinion is, the Shaker damsel was  
not so wide of the mark."

### INSTINCT, FOOD AND MEDICINE.

F. W. EVANS.

The object of food is to supply the natural  
waste of the system from day to day, and  
night by night. Under natural conditions,  
food should be our medicine, as it is our al-  
iment, appetite is a safe guide to health as well  
as to satisfaction, eating and drinking be for  
health and strength, to our best knowledge.  
This would honor God and glorify human  
being, because it would be under the law of  
right, of use. Let us live and not die. Self  
preservation is the first law of nature.  
Health is life, disease is death. The wicked  
shall not live out half their days, nor do they.  
Dying, they die daily. They take pleasure  
in unrighteousness, in things injurious to  
the body, and by sequence to the soul.  
What is right, and what wrong, what  
healthy, and what unhealthy, are questions  
ever occurring, ever to be replied unto.

Individuals, having their senses exercised  
by reason of use, would forever be acquir-  
ing knowledge by their own observations  
and experience, and from the observation  
and experience of other human beings.

It is related of Father Joseph, that if he  
hit his foot against a stone, he would re-  
move it, or note it, holding that there were  
no accidents in Christ. He was a wise,

thinking, observing man, foreseeing the evil afar off, where the foot would have passed on and perished, in proportion to his folly. That man goeth astray from his mother's womb, there can be no doubt. These physiological conditions of breathing, bathing, eating, exercise and drinking, are not natural but artificial. Appetites and habits are thus engendered that are lusts, producing disease and sickness, not continued health. The man, or woman, who is under the leading of any lust of body or mind, is like a ship on the ocean, whose captain and pilot are too drunk to manage the ship. The winds blow, the fires are kept up by the engineer, the boiler generates power, and the ship moves, but it moves as uncertain and never reaches the port of content and satisfaction.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to depart from iniquity, from wrong doing, is understanding.

There is a blessedness in existence, when it is supported by law, by obedience to what we know, or even to what we *think* is right, light being sown for the right-doer, and gladness filling the heart, because love is created by truth. Truth, practiced in our necessities, brings us near to God in nature, *desire* becomes a safe rule of action. We become Godlike, in that we are not even tempted, by false appetite, to abnormal action.

When Anna Lee prayed that God would give her good desires, she only prayed she might be as God, in her sphere of existence, be happy. The sum of the whole matter is, a human being should be as susceptible to constitutional craving (of which maternal longing and false appetite are but a perversion), as are the wild animals, who are moved by natural instinct, to select from the botanical variety of the country they inhabit, such articles as are both food and medicine.

The cook and the doctor should be all one. Then the pots in the kitchen to cook the food, and the bells on the houses of agriculture to raise it, would all be holiness unto the Lord, and sin and sickness go together into the hells on earth, to be forgotten by the saints in Heaven.

KEEP cool if you would succeed.

It takes a cool hammer to bend hot iron.

[The following is attributed to that remarkably good man, Richard Pelham of N. Union Society. If we mistake let us be corrected. It is a remarkable poem, whoever wrote it.—Ed.]

### TRUE REST.

If thou should'st fail to find true rest  
In earth, thou'lt find it not in heaven ;  
Here must it dwell within thy breast,  
Or thou must tempest-tost be driven.  
For what is rest ? not indolence  
Of body, or of mind, or soul ?  
Not in the loss of sight or sense,  
Not in the grave our earthly goal.  
It is not freedom from the ills  
Which flesh is heir to—sickness, pain,  
Malice that wounds or Death that kills,  
Temptation's lure or penury's chain.  
In vain in nature's solitude  
'Tis fondly sought—in hermit's cell,  
Where stranger footsteps ne'er intrude—  
On mountain top, in silent dell ;  
It reigns not in the peasant's cot,  
Nor in the palace of the king.  
It is not found by chance or lot :  
'Tis not a partial, birthright thing.  
Gold cannot buy, nor valor win,  
Nor power command, nor station gain it,  
Whatever bears the taint of sin,  
Unpurified cannot obtain it.  
Thou mayest have beauty, wit and parts,  
That shall secure the vast acclaim,  
And be the idol of all hearts,  
And gather universal fame ;  
And by the potentates of earth  
Be honored as a chosen guest ;  
And be exalted from thy birth—  
Yet never know one hour of REST.  
Thou mayest upon thy very knees  
Have gone on many a pilgrimage,  
And far excelled all devotees  
That ever trod this mortal stage.  
In self-inflicted agonies,  
All sinful lusts to crucify ;  
In vain thy tears, and groans, and cries,  
REST by such acts thou canst not buy.  
Thou mayest have joined some chosen sect  
And given thy sanction to a creed,  
And been pronounced among the elect,  
And zealous been in word and deed—  
Most orthodox of proselytes  
Strict in observing seasons, days,  
Church order, ceremonies, rites,  
Constant at church to pray and praise ;  
Munificent in all good works,  
That with the gospel may be blest  
All heathen tribes, Jews, Greeks and Turks,  
Yet still a stranger be to REST.  
For what is REST ? 'Tis not to be  
Half saint, half sinner, day by day ;  
Half saved, half lost, half bound, half free ;  
Half in the fold and half astray ;

Faithless this hour, the next most true ;  
 Just half alive, half crucified ;  
 Half washed and half polluted too ;  
 To Christ and Belial both allied !  
 Now trembling at Mount Sinai's base,  
 Anon on Calvary's summit shouting ;  
 One instant boasting of free grace—  
 The next God's pardoning mercy doubting.  
 Now sinning, now denouncing sin,  
 Filled with alternate joy and sorrow ;  
 To-day feel all renewed within,  
 But fear a sad relapse to-morrow !  
 All ardent now and eloquent,  
 Or bold for God with soul on fire,  
 At once complete extinguishment  
 Ensues, and all the sparks expire  
 O, most unhappy of mankind,  
 In thee what contradictions meet,  
 Seeing thy way yet groping blind ;  
 Most conscientious, yet a cheat ;  
 Allowing what thou dost abhor,  
 And hating what thou dost allow.  
 Dreaming of freedom by the law,  
 Yet held in bondage until now !  
 This is "the old man with his deeds,"  
 Striving to do his very best.  
 'Tis crucifixion that he needs—  
 Self-righteous, how can he know rest ?  
 What then is REST ? It is to be  
 Perfect in love and holiness,  
 From sin eternally made free ;  
 Not under law but under grace.  
 Once cleansed from guilt, forever pure ;  
 Once pardoned, ever reconciled ;  
 Once healed to find a perfect cure,  
 As Jesus, blameless, undefiled ;  
 Once saved no more to go astray ;  
 Once crucified, then always dead ;  
 Once in the new and living way,  
 True ever to our living Head ;  
 Dwelling in God and God in us ;  
 From every spot and wrinkle clear,  
 Safely delivered from the curse ;  
 Incapable of doubt or fear.  
 It is to have eternal life ;  
 To follow where the Saviour trod ;  
 To be removed from earthly strife—  
 Joint-heirs of Christ, and sons of God,  
 Never from rectitude to swerve,  
 Though by the powers of hell pursued,  
 To consecrate without reserve,  
 All we possess in doing good.  
 It is to glory in the Cross,  
 Endure reproach, despise the shame,  
 And wisely count as dung and dross  
 All earthly grandeur, homage, fame,  
 To know the Shepherd of the sheep—  
 Be gentle, harmless, meek and lowly ;  
 All joy, all hope, all peace—to keep,  
 Not one in seven, but all days holy.  
 It is to be all prayer and praise,  
 Not in set form or phrase expressed,  
 But ceaseless as angelic lays—  
 This, only this, is CHRISTIAN REST.  
 He who, believing, hath obtained

This REST, shall ne'er be troubled more,  
 Though round him lions fierce, unchained,  
 For his destruction rage and roar.  
 He may be famishing for bread,  
 Or be of men the jest and mirth,  
 And have nowhere to lay his head.  
 No spot to call his own on earth ;  
 Temptation with its endless wiles  
 May strive to turn his feet aside,  
 And flattery with its treacherous smiles  
 May hope to flush some latent pride.  
 He may be hunted as a beast—  
 As heretic dragged to the stake ;  
 Placed on the rack, Revenge to feast,  
 And Bigotry's fierce wrath to slake ;  
 Or whether death or hell assail  
 It matters not ; within his breast  
 Are joy and peace that cannot fail :  
 This, only, is TRUE CHRISTIAN REST.

### A GOLDEN PICTURE.

[The following beautiful tribute to THE MANIFESTO, as well as "words fitly spoken" on vital subjects, is fully appreciated by us. We would the world had, at least, twenty more such admirable specimens of humanity—we mean just like him—as we know his whole soul to be. We must be excused for withholding his closing remarks, as we feel unworthy of them, and, therefore, unwilling to have them made public.—ED.]

EDITOR MANIFESTO—How often have I exclaimed after reading THE MANIFESTO: "Excellent!" "Splendid!" And now, after perusing the September number, I am constrained to repeat it loud enough to reach your ears, so many miles away.

While the articles from the pens of such noted correspondents as "Giles B. Avery," "F. W. Evans" and "Antoinette Doolittle" are *always* excellent, and in this number show their usual ability, "Christian Progress," by Sister Marcia Bullard, claims my particular admiration. It was replete with truth—and truths which we, as a people, need to take home to our hearts, and heed well to-day.

It would be the height of folly to forget that we are *human*, and prone to err, subject to the same worldly attractions, if we open our hearts to them, as any people, our *name* giving us no additional protection.

Sister Marcia tells us that "when the



Quakers so far forgot their union that they wrangled about doctrine, they sank into worldlings;" and "when the Methodists, tired of their plainness, ran after the fashions of the world, they no longer had spiritual gifts, nor came under the influence of the power of God; and the Shakers should profit by their example." And should they not? What are we more than the rest of erring humanity that we should not be equally affected by similar influences if we take them home to our hearts and habitations? Why! While reading the above, I felt like crying out as our English cousins do when a speaker pleases them: "*Hear! Hear!*" And I would that every one of our little number *could hear*, and remember her warning, "the Shakers should profit by their example."

While so much is being said of the necessity of cultivating the esthetic feelings, may we not be blind or deaf to the lessons taught by past history. As is well said by Elder Giles, the workers in the Lord's cause, His witnesses in every age, have been the *Ascetics*, and the path they traveled was the path of *self-denial*, being willing to say "nay" to all of the importunities of the world. While the falling away from every spiritual epoch has been marked by the ascendancy of the *ethetics*, if I may so use the word. Shall we stand where others have fallen? Not if we walk in the same path. Some will say, "Oh, my religion does not consist in the dress I wear." Not more surely do the various trees of the forest designate their kind by the foliage they put forth than do the dress and surroundings indicate the spiritual travel of a people. May we not be deceived—it is the *world*, whether we realize it or not, that is saying to us:

"Your dress is too simple to please my taste,  
I will give you pearls to wear;  
Rich velvets and silks to grace your form,  
And diamonds to deck your hair."  
And "Your house is too plain," said the proud old world,  
"I'll build you one like mine;  
Carpets from Brussels and curtains of lace,  
And furniture ever so fine."

While we would desire the beautiful, may we remember there is a beauty peculiar to the flower, or generative period, and a beauty

which belongs to the ripened fruit and grain. If we really are of that number who are called the "first fruits," preparing ourselves to be harvested from the earth, we shall best love the beauty that is adapted to our condition. And our march up the hill of progression will be a successful one if we are willing to accept the sister's test as to what really is progression, and the spirit that goes with it. "Every spirit that saith come up higher, *bear more crop*, practice more self-denial, live more separate from worldly influences, is safe to follow." Amen and amen.

I notice that you advertise for an editor for the MANIFESTO, and very kindly name the qualification desirable. I have my mind on one that will very nearly fill the bill, having in a good degree all of the requirements called for. Perhaps I had better say acquirements, for no small part have been acquired under the very severe disciplinary conditions named in your article. He is none other than our dear friend and brother who started with the very beginning of our little publication, by doing *well*, and has gone with that into doing much better—*growing*, through the discipline named, into a degree of excellence that is easy to bless and admire. \* \* \*

In bonds of sympathy and love,

I remain,

JOHN B. VANCE.

### A SUNDAY WITH THE SHAKERS.

Some of our readers have seen the Shaker service. Many have not. For the benefit of both we give to-day a report of last Sunday's Shaker meeting at the little chapel on the border of Androscoggin county, some eleven miles from Lewiston. Shaker village is perched on one of the most arduous hills of the county. Miles away you can see the large, stone fortress-like building where one of the two Shaker families composing the community lives. The second family's home is in a weather-stained, old-fashioned building, almost one hundred years of age. It was built in 1795, and the elder said, after service last Sunday, "It's not fit for a Christian to live in. We're making preparations

now to build a new one." The Shakers in their dignified drab coat-tails, and Shakeresses in their neat, plain gowns, glistening white-pointed kerchiefs, and their scrupulously starched bonnets, were marching from the house to the chapel when the reporter arrived. In the church the Shakers formed, standing in two squares, the males in one and the females in the other. The two divisions stood facing each other, with their hands clasped in front of them. In the rear ranks of each body stood the young wards of the community. There were three little boys of eight to ten years, and half a dozen girls, apparently of four to fourteen years, whose long, braided hair formed a marked contrast with the closely concealed locks of the Shaker women. The little boys' crowns were closely shaven, while the locks at the base of the head had been allowed to grow down their necks in imitation of the flowing, patriarchal hair of the aged Shakers.

Standing in this position, one voice commenced a strain of quaint song, which all took up. It was something between a hymn and a chant. The melody was strange but pleasing, and was sung by all the voices, male and female, in unison. An impressive effect was given the last chord by all the singers gradually softening the tone, and ending the diminuendo in barely a murmur, at the same time slowly lowering their hands from the clasped position to their sides in perfect harmony with the movement of the music. The elder then stepped forward to the space between the two sections of Shakers. The lines of his face indicate a man of remarkable firmness of character. The high, sloping forehead, the prominent Roman nose, the unrelaxed facial muscles, his stately demeanor, and the distinct solemn utterances of a deep, musical voice, all pointed to a mind of the most positive convictions, and ability of no mean order. The elder read the fourth chapter of St. John. The women and children then sang spiritedly a beautiful hymn. This and all the following hymns were given the same tremulous diminuendo, ending as before.

In the next song one common spirit seemed

to move the worshipers in a stately march backward and forward across the floor of the chapel. They kept perfect time with the tune they sang, and marched with the regularity of militia, making square heels, and accompanying their march with a swinging motion of the arms and hands, palms backward. There were several fine signers among the men, and all the women had excellent voices. The juvenile Shakers seemed to enter into the service with the same enthusiasm as the veterans. It was amusing to a spectator to watch the solemn faces and attitudes of the little fellows. Not a suggestion of a smile came over their features, and, to our mind, the staidest Shaker of them all was a lad of perhaps ten summers. He wore a loose, cherry-colored sacque and a high-buttoned velveteen waistcoat. He had a fair, untanned face, and pale blue eyes. The blue veins were seen through the delicate skin covering his temples, and he had a dreamy, far-away look. The neck-locks of light hair fell over his coat-collar. He seemed possessed of a most intense spirituality, and was as deeply absorbed in his devotions as the elder himself. The Shakers take these children by adoption, and have more requests to take and bring up orphan and uncared-for children than they can comply with. The wards are indentured to them until they are twenty-one. Then they are at liberty to leave the community and go into the world if they wish. The Shakers educate them, and give them the best of home training.

After several marching songs, the Shakers took seats. We had noticed among them one sandy-haired young man, apparently of not more than twenty-five years of age, who wore a plum-colored coat, and who sang with much unction. The young man stepped forward nervously, drank a little water from a glass, opened a Bible which lay on a window shelf, and after a nervous lifting of the shoulders and compression of the lips, read a text from the eighth verse of the third chapter of Second Peter: "But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." He then spoke earnestly, for about fifteen

minutes, without notes, in a measured, distinct and cultured voice. The speaker's words were listened to with the most profound attention by the audience. He was William Paul, the eloquent young preacher of the Shakers. Mr. Paul has been with them about four years. He is older than he looks, having reached the age of thirty-five years. He was born in Scotland, and educated in Glasgow. There are few pulpit orators who have the power of clothing their ideas in such chaste and eloquent language, or addressing themselves directly to the hearts of their hearers to a greater degree than this young Shaker Scotchman. After he concluded, another song was sung. The preacher then arose again and said: "If any of our visiting friends desire to say a few words they have perfect liberty."

One of the strangers present arose and explained the recently inaugurated custom of passing the contribution box. He said that it had not been originated by the Shakers themselves, but by the outsiders, who desired to see the chapel enlarged, in order that they might be accommodated more conveniently. He then passed the hat and got a liberal collection.

The elder arose and said quietly: "Let us lay aside our seats and form a circle." The settees were placed beside the walls. A small circle of singers formed in the center of the chapel. Around this inner circle the other worshippers formed in double file, and marched, while all joined in the Shaker hymns, and kept up constantly a swinging motion of their arms and hands in concert with the rhythm. They took a very graceful promenade step, the women leading, and the small boys bringing up the rear. The queenly form and bearing of one woman, apparently one of the eldresses of the community, was noticed by every beholder. A handsome white silk handkerchief and the regal grace exhibited in her walk distinguished her from her sister Shakers. The sightless eyes of one very aged and infirm Shaker, who took part in the other exercises, prohibited him from participating in this. Four or five songs were sung and accompanied by this strange, sober walk-around. One of the scalp-locked lads was

in the file with the elder, and the little fellow both lengthened his stride and drew down his face to equal proportions with the elder.

The marching ceased, and the elder, after a few remarks, read an article from a publication called "THE SHAKER MANIFESTO," published by the United Societies. The reading was followed by testimonies by the brothers and sisters. One aged, gray-haired brother said: "I'm not ashamed of the Shaker life. I'm glad I have given up the life of self and given my life to God. I want to be a better Shaker." A sister said: "I think the angels have come near unto us in our devotions. I am glad I am a Shaker. At the age of sixteen I said to myself: 'Shall I serve myself or the Lord? Shall I live a life of pleasure or a godly life? I said I would serve God, and I feel that I have done it. It has been a satisfaction to me to escape many trials, get out of the world, assume the plain dress and language, and live a life of purity. I'm glad I did so. I know I would have been as liable as any woman in this world to succumb to temptations of the world if I hadn't placed myself beyond them.' After more marching the venerable blind Shaker closed the exercises by speaking a few words and requesting the audience to remain seated while they passed out. This was done. The Shaker service was over, when the patriarch was reverently led out of the door by a young brother.—*[Leviston (Me.) Journal.]*

[The following poem we clip from *The Banner of Light*. Those who can read between the lines will perceive a not uncommon case of neglect, not only of "saving mother," but of a too-common case of an unworthy cupidity, overbalancing the proper love of humanity from sheer selfish motives. The rebuke is an excellent one. Do any of our readers need it?—Ed.]

#### SAVING MOTHER.

The farmer sat in his easy chair  
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare,  
His face was ruddy and full and fair;  
His three small boys in the chimney nook  
Conned the lines of a picture-book;

His wife, the pride of his home and heart,  
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,  
Laid the table and steeped the tea,  
Deftly, swiftly, silently;  
Tired and weary, and weak and faint,  
She bore her trials without complaint,  
Like many another household saint—  
Content, all selfish bliss above,  
In the patient ministry of love.

At last between the clouds of smoke  
That wreathed his lips the husband spoke:

"There's taxes to raise, and int'rest to pay,  
And of there should come a rainy day,  
'T would be mighty handy, I'm bound to  
say,  
'T have somethin' put by. For folks die,  
An' there's the funeral bills, and grave-  
stones to buy—

Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh;  
Besides, there's Edward, Dick and Joe  
To be provided for when we go.  
So 'f I was you, I'll tell ye what I'd du;  
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could—  
Extra fires don't du any good—  
I'd be savin' of sope, an' savin' of ile,  
And run up some candles once in a while;  
I'd be sparin' of coffee an' tea,

For sugar is high  
And all to buy,  
And cider is good enough drink for me.  
I'd be kind of careful about my clo'es,  
And look out sharp how the money goes—  
Gewgaws is useless, nater knows;

Extry trimmin'  
'S the bane of women.  
I'd sell off the best of the cheese and honey,  
And eggs is as good, nigh about, 's the  
money;

And as to the carpet you wanted new—  
I guess we can make the old one du.  
And as for the washer an' sewin' machine,  
Them smooth-tongued agents so pesky mean  
You'd better get rid of 'em slick and clean.  
What du they know about woman's work?  
Du they kalkilate women was born to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and little Joe  
Sat in the corner in a row.  
They saw the patient mother go  
On ceaseless errands to and fro;  
They saw that her form was bent and thin,  
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in;  
They saw the quiver of lip and chin—  
And then, with a wrath he could not smother,  
Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother:  
"You talk of savin' wood and ile,  
An' tea and sugar all the while,  
But you never talk of savin' mother."

No books are so legible as the lives of  
men; no characters so plain as their moral  
conduct.

## THE SHOSHONE OATH.\*

How pitiful that man must anxious seek  
In every age some form of oath to find  
Which may his fellows terrify and bind!  
On holy book, by superstitions weak,  
With penalties the timid and the meek  
He fetters, till poor honesty goes blind  
In many a soul whose birthright had been  
signed

To nobler things. Her vengeance truth will  
wreak

On all such subterfuges, soon or late.  
The savage knew her better when he said,  
Seeing the sun's great splendor overhead,  
Seeing earth's beauty which doth lie in wait  
For all men's hearts, to give them ecstasy,  
"I will not lie! The sun and earth hear me!"

H. H.

## DEEP THOUGHTS.

All principles will be judged by their  
results.

All forms of society will be judged by  
their results.

"A large mould of men is what we want,  
and to get this, we must stop treating men  
like a miscellaneous lot of hatchets and axes  
that are only waiting to be ground."

"We are enfeebled, we don't want new  
outlets for power when power itself is what  
we lack."

"Religion is perennial; religious instincts  
demand constant satisfaction, though the  
form of the satisfaction varies from age to  
age."

"The nature of scientific doctrines is such  
as to demand more rather than less develop-  
ment of the religious sentiments."

"Living the great truths of the spiritual  
world constitutes vital religion."

ONLY the waters in the ship can sink the  
ship; but while kept outside, all the heav-  
ing deep waters thundering over three-fifths  
of the globe can work no shipwreck. So,  
while kept outside the church, the floods of  
ungodly influence can only help to float it  
on its voyage to glory, or to lift it to its  
Ararat of rest.—Charles Stanford.

\* The only form of oath among the Shoshone  
Indians is, "The earth hears me. The sun hears  
me. Shall I lie?"

## A SERMON.

N. A. BRIGGS.

Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye glorify God in your body and in your spirit which are God's? 1 Cor., vi, 19, 20.

If indeed we would make our bodies temples for the Holy Ghost (Holy Spirit) how very careful of them we should be! What a purification we must have! With what exquisite pains must we nourish, develop and educate these bodies; how solicitously guard them against feverish and morbid conditions! The Holy Spirit surely cannot dwell in a place of defilement; its temple must be all garnished and clean.

We are bought with a price. A full healthy body and a pure spirit are obtained only by the sacrifice of every passion indulgence.

Intemperance in eating and drinking induces a grossness, a coarseness, incompatible with spiritual life. A strict observance of physiological conditions, springing from an intelligent education of the mind, will pave the way to holiness.

"First that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual."

What good Christian does not take Christ and Him crucified as his theory? How few deny Him in practice!

The beautiful Christ life is conspicuous for self-denial. It wages perpetual war against all worldly lusts, for these destroy the life in the spirit. Unless, therefore, we deny ourselves, take up our crosses and follow Christ in His life, in His example, we are not Christians.

Let us tell the truth in this matter, men and women, all of us. We recognize the beauty of self-denial, but our passions are too strong for us, and so we try to find excuses which shall seem to justify our excesses. Like the poor ostrich which when pursued by its enemies hides its head in the sand, thinking because its own eyes are blinded and cannot see the danger it must therefore be safe, we try to deceive ourselves by specious argument, hoping that if

we can quiet our own consciences we shall be safe. Vain hope. Our sophistries will fail us. Our self-delusions will work great mischief, sorrow and disappointment for future life. Truth will rend these fallacies like gossamer threads.

We must have no half-way work in this matter. It must be a war of extinction against the gross excesses which curse humanity. What a baneful crop we are growing! What a fearful harvest we must expect to reap! Depraved and unnatural appetites, abnormal and insatiable desires are being transmitted with increased intensity from generation to generation, and what is to be the end of all this?

Absurd is our boasted advance of science when we evince so little sense in the care of the house we live in. Consistency thou art a jewel! We offer prizes for the discovery of a celestial body, while wickedly ignorant of the cause of a mental or physical deformity in our child. We hold fairs to encourage improvement in blooded stock, pay almost fabulous prices for favorite animals, hold numerous and elaborate discussions upon the best methods to produce best results with our domestic animals; yet the production of our own species is left to chance! No more intelligence is here exhibited than was shown in barbarous ages. Science does not aid in this most necessary feature of life. Thousands of human beings now eke out a miserable existence who ought never to have been born. The instinct of the brute creation is intelligence par excellence compared to the brutal grossness with which children are ushered into the world. Poor things! They must suffer for the ignorance and iniquity of their parents. They are the heirs to a dreadful legacy of sin and sorrow.

Parents have a fearful responsibility, which although presently ignored cannot be escaped. Better learn the facts and avoid trouble than remain willfully blinded to the truth and incur such heavy penalties to ourselves and posterity. Eminent medical men tell us that six out of eight of the children of this country violate their own bodies—desecrate those temples that should entertain the Holy Spirit. Is not this dread-



ful? And is there no remedy? Teach them hygiene; teach them the normal use of each organ; the care necessary to its healthfulness. Teach them the penalties affixed to a violation of nature's laws. Reason with them, pray with them, labor with them untiringly, until they learn intelligently to deal with their bodies as blessings loaned to them to be improved, purified and sanctified, fit temples for the Holy Spirit.

### JUSTICE.

D. M. HERSEY.

Where are the men for this dark time,  
Strong men and women for the right?  
Firm leaders in the coming fight  
Of right and wrong in every clime.

Where are the noble and the brave,  
Who love their country, free from blame  
Who weep to see their country's shame,  
Nor stoop to be a party slave?

O, give us men of honest deal,  
Who scorn a bribe, and hate a lie?  
And statesmen, who would rather die  
Than from their country's treasure steal.

God grant that those who rob the poor,  
When outraged Justice strikes the blow,  
May never sink in hells as low  
As thousands of these slaves endure.

O, man, how long wilt thou withhold  
The help thy brother sorely needs?  
Go, bind the broken heart that bleeds,  
And give from out thy stores of gold!

Oh! shame upon a cringing press,  
That dares not brand the wrong it sees,  
But, pamper'd with the rich man's fees,  
Withholds a mighty power to bless.

I know not, in the coming strife,  
The ways that Justice will pursue;  
I only know, if we are true,  
We shall not vainly give our life.  
*Vineland, N. J.*

"WHO WERE THEY?—Who was Samson? A man of great physical strength, whose beverage was water, and his food vegetarian. Who was Daniel? A wise and good man, whose drink was water, and his food vegetarian. Who was John the Baptist? The mightiest man born of woman, whose drink was water, and his food vegetarian." So says one of our temperance journals.

### "NOTHING NEW."

M. J. ANDERSON.

The universal circle marks  
Creation's perfect whole,  
From worlds ensphered in belted zones,  
To life that crowns the soul.

A wise man of the centuries past,  
In taking life's review,  
Proclaimed that all earth's history  
Presented nothing new.

And so we ask, is there a thought  
Or word still unexpressed?  
A fountain sealed that has not gushed  
Within some human breast?

Is there a light or depth untouched?  
Some secret hidden plan,  
To yet unfold within the grasp  
Of ever reaching man?

The mines of knowledge still unsprung,  
Would seem but buried lore,  
When brought to view the thing that's new  
Lo! it was known before.

The life we live is but one grand  
Rehearsal of the past,  
The very motives of our souls  
In ancient mold were cast.

For human nature is the same  
To-day as yesterday;  
The treadmill of old time moves to  
The same dull roundelay.

The mighty forces of the soul  
Well up and overflow,  
In streams whose currents, swiftly on  
Through deepening channels go.

The fevered tide of human life  
Bears not upon its waves  
The power that lifts immortal souls—  
The strength that heals and saves.

The savage, though untutored still  
With gifts of nature blest,  
In his sublime simplicity,  
Bears truth within his breast.

While he who claims a fairer face.  
And broader cultured mind,  
Will prostitute the noblest gifts  
That Heaven for good designed.

And thus it seems, that all our dreams  
Of progress we have made,  
When pressed to stern reality,  
Like fitful fancies fade.

For misery and crime increase,  
In ratio with the light,  
Where good is found doeth sin abound,  
The wrong pursues the right.

Thus quickened mind inventive plies  
Its skill in many ways;  
Devising schemes in which to win  
The prize that self repays.

How vain ambition crushes out  
The equal rights of man;  
How bitter discord mars the peace  
Of nation, home and clan.

And what we gain through toil and pain,  
But trembles 'neath the power  
Usurped by those who sceptres wield,  
To triumph but an hour.

Religion, sovereign in the race,  
Still seeks expression free;  
But cramped and bound with fetters strong,  
Holds not its liberty.

And the experience of the past,  
Though changed the form it wears,  
Is but the cry of burdened toil,  
Through life's increasing cares.

Here generations come and go,  
Whose life seems but a day;  
Vast empires from the dust arise,  
To perish and decay.

Why boast of prestige, wealth or power?  
Why glory in a name?  
For all of earth to earth returns,  
Man goes from whence he came.

And round and round the ages roll,  
The seasons onward flow,  
Yet "vanity of vanities,"  
Are all things here below.

"'Tis hope eternal" that illumines  
And gladdens all our strife.  
And righteousness alone can give  
The bliss of higher life.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

A CHANGE OF TUNE.—Deacon Hunt was naturally a high-tempered man, and used to beat his oxen over their heads, as all his neighbors did. It was observed that when he became a Christian his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. "Why," said the deacon, "formerly when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion and beat them unmercifully; this made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go behind the load, sit down and sing 'Old Hundred.' I don't know how it is, but the psalm tune has a surprising effect on my oxen."

## SPEAK GENTLY.

C. A.

If we would consider how much more grief and remorse we must suffer from unkind expressions that we utter, than from those we bear, we would be more careful not to return ill for ill, and more apt to remember, that "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Oh! was there more love divine on this broad earth below,  
"Twould lume the gloomy haunts of sin with its celestial glow,  
And many hearts now crushed by scorn, who to their fate were driven.  
Would be reclaimed by love that breaths the blessed word "forgiven."

As he whose bright example gleamed adown the ages past,  
Asked those who knew no sin, to first the stone of judgment cast;  
But, guilty hearts shrank from the deed as ne'er they shrank before,  
While to the erring one he said, "arise, go sin no more."

Grand words, so full of charity! so rich in heavenly love!  
More potent far than human law the sinners heart to move;  
This Christ, indwelling in the heart, e'er prompts to noble deeds,  
And meets with truth's exalted power, the spirit's inmost needs.

O blessed is the heart! that tunes its heavenly minstrelsy,  
While drawing inspiration deep, O fount of love from thee!  
Depending on the power that guides through bright and clouded days,  
At morn and eve it lifts the voice in hymns of grateful praise.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

## REFLECTION.

CATHARINE ALLEN.

Alas! the precious hours of morn, how soon they vanish, never, *never* to be recalled. Steadily the sun of advancing years courses its way onward toward the meridian sky. Every day brings its duties to be performed, its burdens to bear; its lessons to be learned, and its conflicts for the soul, in conquering

the ever present, strong and active forces of selfhood. Each day is fraught with circumstances in which we may strengthen these forces by self indulgence, or subdue them by self denial.

The sun never rises in the orient sky, but, to our waking consciousness are proffered new privileges for eternal gain; new opportunities to sow in life's garden the seeds of bitterness or peace; and its golden beams never fade in the purpleing mists of evening, as it sinks behind the hills, but our accountability to the Great Giver is increased proportionate to the gift bestowed; and an unerring impression of every passing thought and inmost motive is photographed on memory's immortal tablet.

O precious Time! how swift and sure the pinions that bear thee from our grasp! And with thy flight our ship keeps pace, whose course with thee is onward to Eternity's vast shore.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

PRESIDENT LINCOLN once said the best story he ever read in the papers about himself was this: Two Quakeresses were traveling on the railroad, and were heard discussing the probable result of the war. "I think," said one, "that Jefferson will succeed." "Why does thee think so?" asked the other. "Because Jefferson is a praying man." "And so is Abraham a praying man." "Yes, but the Lord will think Abraham is only joking," doubtfully replied the first.

The Chinese government, for some reasons not stated, recently issued a decree commanding its subjects to abstain from shaving the head for a period of one hundred days. Detected in the act of disobeying this arbitrary regulation, between fifty and sixty persons in the city of Foochow alone were on the 11th of June sentenced to receive castigation with bamboo rods, and to pay each a fine of three thousand cash (about \$6). It is stated by the local journals that before liberation the heads of the offenders were, as a wholesome warning to others, carefully painted and varnished.

## Editorial.

### UNGODLY PERSECUTION.

#### REMAINS OF THE INQUISITION.

One of the most distressing and alarming propositions now being considered by a certain theological court is the suspension, and perhaps expulsion, of one of God's best mediums to the race, from the fellowship of the church; and this because of a godly growth, and the breaking of theological but unchristian shackles; such is the case of one dear to our heart, the Rev. H. W. Thomas, of Chicago. Outgrowing the narrowness of human creeds, and speaking from God in his soul, he has dared presume and to teach a hope that in the future life there is yet a chance for a change from evil ways to the better life, before the ultimatum of "go to Hades" is irrevocably pronounced.

Still further, this champion for God and truth has dared to put a reasonable construction upon the theory of the *atonement*, so that it will better mean to be at one with goodness, that it may be of any beneficial effect.

We have always loved the Methodist church; and so do we all other churches for their every good feature; but when *any* church rises up to punish, persecute and annihilate one of its own best prophets, teachers and advancing leaders, because he presents a more loving and adorable God than was ever worshiped in that church before, we rejoice that we know the days of that church, in such narrowness, are numbered.

It is a truth that the character of God, as best known to the people, is

learned by the religious status of the people themselves. A vindictive man or woman inclines to the opinion that their God is even more vindictive than themselves. It is impossible to educate individuals with extreme benevolence and affectionate regard for their species, that their God is worse than they are ; for

"Education ne'er supplied  
What ruling nature has denied."

Therefore, Dr. Thomas, in the goodness of his heart, rebels at the teachings of a theology that would transfer the guilt of millions upon a guiltless individual, and punish him with millions of stripes, for being *so* good as never to have done any thing bad, while the bad go scot free !

We are aware of the old-school theory that there is no chance for one's salvation from sin and its punishments in the hereafter. But Bro. Thomas has in his nobler conception of God dared to assert that a woman in Chicago, hurled into eternity by a murderous husband, would find a probationary state there, and that because of any failure to participate in certain churchal sacraments she should not therefore be numbered with the damned. For this he is to be tried and condemned. We can only pity a church that can so enact, and do more highly honor such an advocate of mercy and charity, as Dr. Thomas, than we could pay homage to the god of said church. Theodore Parker was bitterly opposed to capital punishments. Being asked by one who believed the God of the Old Testament to be the unchangeable God of the universe, what he would do if God should command him to go out and

hang a man ? answered, very consistently : "I would hang up such a God, and let the man go!" Bro. Thomas is a godly missionary to the Methodist church to-day. If said church is ready to move toward a better God than she has conceived of heretofore, all will be well. If she still confines her powers and petitions to a God which does not comprehend as much goodness, mercy, charity and unselfish love as is found in some mortal organisms, that church will become obsolete, while her former adherents will sail in another ship under the guidance of a better God. Our Methodist brethren, we hope, will prove too noble to succumb longer to a theology that teaches of a God more vindictive, cruel, and with less compassion than they are capable of exercising one toward another. Let the result of the trial be what it may, we will pray for a firm stand by Dr. Thomas. ☆

#### SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

To every individual, given to fervent thought, the present status of the so-called religious world is wearing a very different complexion than ever before, and withal, a very improved complexion. Every denomination of the Christian profession has lost much of that which formerly made it a competitor for the laurels of infallibility, while a liberal tone, and better—a humane, brotherly feeling—now pervades, where hatred for any thing that differed from "our church" once prevailed.

There are principles of godliness that are infallible, invincible, all-con-

quering — principles, which in the progress of man, from the mere animal, up to the angel, are irrevocably sealed as everlasting truths.

The laws prior to those given by Moses were undoubtedly the very best the world then ever knew; and without doubt the inhabitants thought them *no plus ultra*, never to be improved upon. Moses came; introduced an entirely new regime; and improvement in human discipline, in general and particular, was and is the acknowledged result. In the line of human progress, unto everlasting elevation of humanity, Moses was, through the laws given by him, "a schoolmaster" to bring the people into preparation for something even better than Mosaim. Christ came. Acknowledging the laws of Moses as good, yet proclaiming His mission to be even superior to the previous rule, the Jews treated with scorn any idea that tended to thoughts that the laws of Moses could be improved upon, and they thought they had nipped in the bud, and snuffed out both idea and attempt by the notable crucifixion. Still the world moved; and with it the graduated class under Mosaic discipline, and by the superior, Christian life of Jesus' followers, showed to the Jews, by fruits, that which undermined the supposed infallibility of Judaism.

Superiority is destined to win. But there is no station of superiority where humanity can settle down and proclaim no further progress. The amicable feelings prevailing among all denominations evince the milk of human kindness that was not even dreamed could be, by the best lovers

of humanity, one hundred or even fifty years ago.

How many of us can realize how short the time has been when the direst denunciations for unbelief in the peculiar tenets of this or that church were commonly and violently hurled, to

"Deal damnation round the land,  
On each I judge thy foe?"

And yet the time has been so very short since loving, Christian liberality and charity have displaced bigotry and devilry in theological matters, that while we reflect, we may well and reasonably stand happily aghast at the swiftness of progress made!

Admissions of the superior are invariably accompanied by confessions of error in preconceived opinions. Admissions and confessions are really good for the soul. Adjustments of differences in religious matters are being rapidly made upon the principles of righteousness and charitable love; and these principles will eventuate in a church universal — the millennium come. ☆

When a blessing comes to the church it will mean a surrender of old grudges, a forgiving of those who have wronged us, a wider Christian charity, a more patient endurance of sufferings for Christ's sake, a more self-sacrificing spirit of benevolence, a more complete separation from the world, a holier life and an intense service. And perhaps the revival is withheld until the church comes to the point where she shall seek it, not with a qualified, but an absolute surrender and a holy willingness to be and do all that the Spirit shall command. We want a blessing — the shallowest experience can say that; but whether we want a searching and withering, an unsettling, it may be, of hopes long unquestioned, and a renewal of life when it means agony for souls and cross-bearing for Christ — that is a deeper question. — *The Interior.*



## The Children's Grotto.

### LITTLE CHILDREN.

Keep guard of your words, my darlings,  
For words are wonderful things;  
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey,  
Like the bees they have terrible stings.  
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,  
And brighten a lonely life,  
They can cut in the strife of anger,  
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,

If their errand is true and kind;  
If they come to support the weary,  
To comfort and help the blind.

If a bitter revengful spirit

Prompts the words, let them be said;  
They may flash through a brain like lightning,  
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back if they're cold and cruel,  
Under bar, and lock and seal;  
The wounds they make, my darlings,  
Are always slow to heal.

May peace guard your lives and ever  
From this time of your early youth;  
May the words that you daily utter  
Be the beautiful words of truth.

### KILLED FOR NOTHING.

"Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they killed each other for,"

pleads little Peterkin in Southey's poem of  
"The Battle of Blenheim."

"And what good came of it at last!  
Said little Wilhelmie."

These were questions that their grandfather could not answer. The cannibal's wonder when told about civilized warfare seems about as hard to satisfy, though it is not quite so innocent. A missionary, in an address describing his experience in New Guinea, gives some hard specimens of the questions he had to answer:

When I was talking to him about cannibalism, and wishing him to give it up, he said:

"But you know it is only our enemies; we never eat our friends. It is right to eat our enemies. Have you got no enemies in your country?"

I was obliged to confess we had people who were sometimes regarded as enemies.

"Well," said he, "do you never fight!" I was obliged to confess that we did.

"And do you never kill any anybody?"

I was very glad he did not ask me how many, for I could not have told him. There would have been no words in his language to tell him that. But when he found out that we did kill people, he said:

"Do you not eat them?"

"No," I said, "we do not eat people in our country." The man looked perfectly astonished.

"Then what do you kill them for?" said he. "We kill our enemies because we like them, but you kill them for nothing at all."

## Society Record.

Through some neglect the notice of our dear friend's decease, DOTIA VERRBRIKE, aged 78 years, at Pleasant Hill, Ky., has failed to appear.—ED.

At Pleasant Hill, Ky., August 26, MARY ELLEN TODD, one of the blessed rising stars, dropped her physical and went to Heaven, aged only 37 years.

Received, B. B. Dunlavy, \$82.50.

M. Messner, Cleveland, O., sends us the gift of one dollar. And yet our friends live.

In the year 1848, JAMES SHACKLETON, of Lawrence, Mass., found a man in whom he thought there was so little guile that he advised him to join the Shakers! That man so "jined," that in "all the east" no brighter star of Shakerdom shines to-day. We call him our "beautiful eastern minister." This good friend, Shackleton, has been an unfailing subscriber to the MANIFESTO from the start, and now he sends us \$5 as a gift!

That blessed goodie, Sister MARY WHITCHER, has just sent us two pairs of the most beautiful and comfortable woolen socks. While looking at them we felt rebuked at having said we work without pay.

The third edition of our little pamphlet, "Plain Talks," is wholly exhausted. We cannot tell when we can raise \$25 for a new edition.—ED.

## Home Topics.

A standing antidote for poison by dew, poison oak, ivy, etc., is to take a handful of quicklime; dissolve in water; let it stand half an hour, and then paint the poisoned parts with it. Three or four applications will never fail to cure the most aggravated cases.

**PICKLING TOMATOES.**—J. H. S. would like to know how to put up green tomatoes in brine. The way I do is to put them down with my cucumbers; every time that I lay down a pickling of cucumbers I throw in a lot of tomatoes, every size. When I want to use them, I take them out of the brine, cut them in two, and let them soak a day or two; then I put them in more fresh water and boil until tender; then drain them and put in good vinegar same as cucumbers, with a few spices. I also put ripe tomatoes down in vinegar. I put small red ones in a glass can, all that will go in and not break the skin, with a little brown sugar, a few cloves and cinnamon. I use the best cider vinegar—never acid vinegar, as it eats the fruit and makes it soft. H. L. P.

*Tioga, N. Y.*

**TOMATO CATSUP.**—The *Journal of Commerce* gives the following directions as having been in use in the editor's family for fifty years—which is going back to quite an early period in the general introduction of the tomato for culinary purposes: "Take a bushel of tomatoes; cut them in small pieces; boil until soft; then rub them through a wire sieve; add two quarts of the best cider vinegar, one pint of salt, one-quarter pound of whole cloves, one-quarter pound of allspice, one tablespoonful of black pepper, one good-sized pod of red pepper (whole), and five heads of garlic. Mix together and boil until reduced to one-half the quantity. When cold, strain through a colander, and bottle, sealing the corks. It will keep two or three years as fresh as when first made."

**HOW TO TELL A GOOD POTATO.**—Here is a good place in which to impart what is a secret to the vast majority of people, and it

is one well worth knowing. It is simply how to tell a good potato; that is, as well as it can be done without cooking it, for sometimes even experts are deceived. Take a sound potato, and paying no attention to its outward appearance, divide it into two pieces with your knife and examine the exposed surfaces. If there is so much water or "juice" that seemingly a slight pressure would cause it to fall off in drops, you may be sure it will be "soggy" after it is boiled. These are the requisite qualities for a good potato, which must appear when one is cut in two: For color, a yellowish white; if it is a deep yellow the potato will not cook well; there must be a considerable amount of moisture, though not too much; rub the two pieces together and a white froth will appear around the edges and upon the two surfaces; this signifies the presence of starch, and the more starch, and consequently froth, the better the potato, while the less there is the poorer it will cook. The strength of the starchy element can be tested by releasing the hold upon one piece of the potato, and if it still clings to the other, this in itself is a very good sign. These are the experiments generally made by experts, and they are ordinarily willing to buy on the strength of their turning out well, though, as stated above, these tests are by no means infallible.

**VIRTUES OF THE LEMON.**—A recent writer of note has the following to say regarding the virtues of the lemon: "Lemon juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It not only cures the disease, but prevents it. Sailors make a daily use of it for this purpose. I advise every one to rub their gums daily with lemon juice, to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot, black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact, its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it, externally, the better we shall

find ourselves. Natural remedies are the best, and Nature is the best doctor, if we would only listen to it. Decidedly rub your hands, head and gums with lemon, and drink lemonade in preference to all other liquids.

### WE'VE ALL OUR ANGEL SIDE.

The huge rough stones from out the mine,  
Unightly and unfair.  
Have veins of purest metal hid  
Beneath the surface there.  
Few rocks so bare but to their heights  
Some tiny moss-plant clings;  
And round the peaks so desolate,  
The sea-bird sits and sings.  
Believe me, too, that rugged souls,  
Beneath their rudeness hide  
Much that is beautiful and good —  
*We've all our angel side.*

In all there is an inner depth,  
A far off secret way,  
Where, through the windows of the soul,  
God sends His smiling ray.  
In every human heart there is  
A faithful, sounding chord  
That may be struck, unknown to us,  
By some sweet, loving word.  
The wayward will in man may try  
Its softer thoughts to hide —  
Some unexpected tone reveals  
*It has an angel side.*

Despised, and lone, and trodden down,  
Dark with the shades of sin,  
Deciphering not those halo lights  
Which God has lit within;  
Groping about in endless night,  
Poor, poisoned souls they are,  
Who guess not what life's meaning is,  
Nor dream of heaven afar.  
Oh, that some gentle hand of love  
Their gentle steps would guide,  
And show them that, amidst it all,  
*Life has its angel side!*

Brutal, and mean, and dark enough,  
God knows some natures are;  
But He, compassionate, comes near,  
And shall we stand afar?  
Our cruse of oil will not grow less  
If shared with hearty hand;  
For words of peace and looks of love  
Few natures can withstand.  
Love is the mighty conqueror,  
Love is the beauteous guide,  
Love, with her beaming eyes, can see  
*We've all our angel side.*

— [Selected.]

It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

### NO TIME FOR HATING.

Begone with feud! away with strife:  
Our human hearts unmatting!  
Let us be friends again! This life  
Is all too short for hating!  
So dull the day, so dim the way,  
So rough the road we're faring —  
Far better weal with faithful friend  
Than stalk alone uncaring.

The barren fig, the withered vine,  
Are types of selfish living;  
But souls that give, like thine and mine,  
Renew their life by giving.  
While cypress waves o'er early graves  
On all the way we're going,  
Far better plant where seed is scant  
Than tread on fruit that's growing.

Away with scorn! Since die we must  
And rest on one low pillow;  
There are no rivals in the dust —  
No foes beneath the willow.  
So dry the bowers, so few the flowers,  
Our earthly way discloses,  
Far better stoop where daisies droop  
Than tramp o'er broken roses!

Of what are all the joys we hold  
Compared to joys above us?  
And what are rank and power and gold  
Compared to hearts that love us?  
So fleet our years, so full of tears,  
So closely death is waiting;  
God gives us space for loving grace,  
But leaves no time for hating.

— A. J. H. Duganne.

### SERVICE.

"Not all that is high is holy;  
Not all that is sweet is good;"  
Not every desire  
Toward which we aspire  
Pleases our God as it should.

Sometimes the joy that we covet  
Is not a joy when possessed;  
And to labor right on  
Till our duties are done  
Is better, far better than rest.

He who by pride is exalted,  
He who as monarch is known,  
Less honored may be  
By the Master than he  
Who stands at the foot of the throne.

Far better it is to be humble,  
To serve in the lowliest place,  
To labor and plod  
With the veriest clod  
Than the likeness of God to efface.

— Brethren's Advocate.

[In common with a united, sorrowing nation, our people felt the dreadful shock occasioned by the transfer of our noble President from shores terrestrial to those celestial. We copy from one beautiful season of respect, two tributes; one of these, from the peculiar condition of its authoress, is, indeed, touching.—Ed.]

### OUR FATHER IS DEAD.

O. L. WHITCOMB.

Silent and deep at our common loss,  
The tears of our common sorrow fall.  
He, high throned in our hearts, and crowned  
with our love,  
Lies tranquil and cold beneath the dark  
pall.  
Over the land the flood of our grief  
Wipes out the fire of our party strifes;  
And prayerful and peaceful our hearts only  
beat,  
To the muffled drums, and the whisp'ring  
flutes.  
Over the sea, in lands far away,  
There's tolling of bells, and crape-hung  
doors,  
And the widowed Queen's hand in her wid-  
owed friend's heart  
The solace divine sweet sympathy pours.  
Once before we have drained this cup's  
deep draught—  
Once before, oh, our Father above,  
We have given to Thee at the lightning's  
flash  
The first of our land, the first of our love  
Is there no strength in Thy hand to stay  
The power of might over truth and right?  
Forgive us our murmurs, we are blinded in  
pain,  
And our questioning eyes would be grate-  
ful for light.

Peace to the name — the well-beloved name,  
Though our heart's every fibre protests  
Against the dark deed that robbed us of him,  
Ever and aye shall his memory be blest.

Down 'neath the sod we lay him to rest —  
He, who so bravely battled above;  
His name on history's page will be bright,  
On our hearts, in letters of love.  
God, take him home, but leave here with us  
His mantle of courage and trust;  
Leave us his patience, his meekness, to say  
"Ashes to ashes, dust unto dust!"  
*Canaan, Sept. 26, 1881.*

### TENDERED TO OUR PRESIDENT.

AMY BOWERS.

My head shall not refuse to bow,  
My knee shall not refuse to bend,  
My hand shall not be left unraised,  
Nor shall my heart forget to send  
One little off'ring up.  
A prayer, as pure, as white as these  
Fresh flowers from Nature's bosom culled.  
Oh Father! give me lips to breathe;  
And let all selfish thoughts be lulled,  
While from the Nation's cup  
I drink one little drop, that mine  
With other hearts the thrill may feel  
Of perfect love and sympathy,  
Which gives its wealth without appeal,  
To every human grief.  
Oh Memory! keep thy leaves as green  
As these, unfading in thy trust;  
Keep all the chastened grace which grows  
From out to-day's tear-sprinkled dust.  
Nor let its life be brief.

The above lines were written by a young sister who has been confined to her room by sickness. Unable to attend the Family meeting, in honor of our President, she wrote her offering and laid it across a bouquet of white flowers and green leaves. Sympathy is the golden key to unlock the gates of Sorrow, showing us the glory within.

*Canaan, Sept. 26, 1881.*

What are a few years of what men call  
sorrow and burden-bearing to an eternity of  
blessedness.

## GEMS.

A good business — building a good character.

An unprofitable business — tearing down other people's characters.

"No one," says Jerome, "loves to tell a scandal except to him who loves to hear it."

An angry man who suppresses his passion thinks worse than when he speaks; an angry man that will chide speaks worse than he thinks.

The hard, harsh world neither sees, nor tries to see men's hearts; but wherever there is an opportunity for evil, supposes that evil exists.

There are men who no more grasp the truth they seem to hold than a sparrow grasps the message passing through the electric wire on which it perches.

Ruskin says that the noblest building made with hands for spiritual ends must lack the perfection of grace and beauty, unless lit from the lamp of sacrifice.

Some men are always seeking for honors; trying to get higher positions. The better way is to walk faithfully in the path of duty and the honors will find them.

Give not the tongue too great a liberty lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is like a sword in a scabbard, thine; if vented, the sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

An Indiana woman has just killed twenty snakes which she found on one spot enjoying the warm sunshine. If Adam had only had that kind of a wife! But somehow the Garden of Eden had to be placed on the wrong side of the Indiana line.

THE humble Nazarene knew the spiritual law so well that he did not hesitate to tell the self-righteous of His day that their lack of charity to the erring was a greater sin than the misdeeds of those they condemned. A few would-be modern reformers of our day should bear this fact in mind and profit thereby.

## PUT DOWN MOURNING.

The wearing of mourning for departed friends is a terrible mistake. Our descendants will smile at our infatuation, when it will be understood that the going away should be as lovable as the coming. When our death will be a healthful passing, and ending, we shall look eye into eye, grasping hand to hand to the last, and go with joy and cheerfulness. If it is nature's law, it is nature's design; if it is nature's design, it has a purpose in it, and why should we be mournful at that?

Off with those poor, worldly, black clothes; put on white and blue or rose and see that best beloved to the grave. There is no need to mourn; why? Why go about quarreling with divine plan?

These black, heavy clothes on frail, delicate women in our burning streets are really terrible indications of short-sightedness and want of real love for the divine ordinances. They make one shudder to think of the poor over-burdened body under them, and the weary soul that must be there too.

When one has passed away, let the other be up and doing, but not go about mourning and feeling as if he or she had not gone, because go they must.

The thought of death is lovelier than that of birth. We never know what the latter may bring to that new-born child; we are sure, quite sure, that the former will bring us "time's completion."—*Health and Home*.

A CURIOUS WISH. — It was a recent wish of T. C. Leland that the good God would give him some neighbors, *whom he could love as well as he loved himself!* Does not such a wish express a too-common frailty?

NO TRUST. — Abolish all laws for the collection of debts, and thus abolish the whole credit system; that would relieve the poor working masses, and compel a cash-pay-as-you-go system, which is the only safe, true basis; that would abolish most lawyers, all of the pawnbrokers' trade which now controls the commerce of America. — *Horace Greeley*.



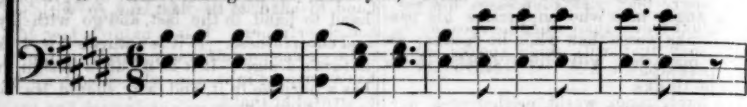
# CHRISTIAN LOVE.

ELVAH F. COLLINS.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y.



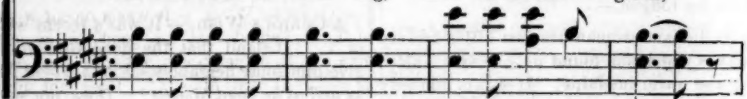
1. Leave some good be - hind you, As you journey on,
2. Leave some good be - hind you, Tho' the seed be small,
3. Leave some good be - hind you, God will bless your aim,
4. Leave some good be - hind you, Little it doth cost.



Gentle act of mer - cy Un - to mortal done,  
And along the wayside It unseen may fall,  
And in love re - ward you, With a righteous name,  
To be - stow the sun - shine On a heart that's lost,



Christian deeds of kind - ness, Ne'er are wrought in vain,  
It will rise with vig or, And a - bun - dant - ly  
Man - y souls will hail you, As a guiding star,  
Ten - der - ness of feel - ing, Love to brother given,



On - ly in our blind - ness, We from these re - frain.  
Bear the fruit of glad - ness, In some future day.  
Fadeless in its bright - ness, Shedding light a -- far.  
Is the balm of heal - ing, Making home a heaven.

